THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

SPEAK KINDLY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY SOPHIA WEBSTER

Speak kindly, young man, to the maiden you love,
Or a cold and grave world, as an icicle, prove;
As an icicle is a sad and lonely thing,
By the wintry heart is found:
He knows not how often a fate to blow
The stranger said his heartless.
Is never a blessing more sweet than kindness
To the magic spell of a soft low tone.
Speak kindly, then kindly, there's nothing lost
By gentle words—to the heart and ear
Of the sad and lonely the widow, fair dame—
And then nothing lost.

Speak kindly to childhood. Oh do not fling
A chilling blight on it early sky,
But cherish it well—as holy thing
To the heart in its purity
Enough of care—enough of cold world lash,
Enough of care is in home path,
And to do a stranger a kindness to throw
O'er the rough young spirit a shade of woe.
Speak kindly, then kindly, there's nothing lost
By gentle words—to the home and ear
Of joyous childhood they're dear, how dear.
And then nothing lost.

Speak kindly to age—a wrinkled brow
Is the rough and lonely road of life.
And care is upon its path,
And its fingers go out void of heartfelt smile
Oh how often the tear is wildly spoken
Well bind up the heart that is well nigh broken
Then pour out the gentle word of love,
With a confidence and a might cold tone
And kindly speak, kindly, there's nothing lost
By gentle words—to the heart and ear
Of the care-worn and weary then to them how dear—
And then nothing lost.

Speak kindly to those who are haughty and cold.
Ye know not the thoughts that are dwelling there.
Oh how often the heart is sadly spoken
Of a kindly look in burden of care.
And the curl of the lip, and the curve of the eye,
Are often a feigned mockery.
When a burning heart is urged to speak low
From the lips of one who is suffering pain
Speak kindly, then kindly, there's nothing lost
By gentle words—to the heart and ear
Of the proud and haughty they're often dear.
And then nothing lost.

Speak kindly words—oh, cherish well
The right of a gentle tone
It will find its place in another's cage
A charm that is all its own
But use not a spring from a gentle heart
That it need not be used in vain
Let it gush in its precious power
From the fountain to the heart's grief and woe
Speak kindly, then kindly, there's nothing lost
By gentle words—to the heart and ear
Of all who love them they're dear, how dear.
And then nothing lost.

Pictures of Life.

THE PENALTIES OF DISTINCTION.

BY JOHN SS. TH.

Whether or born to greatness, "some greatness, or has greatness thrust upon him," is a question for the penalties of distinction in some one either of the multitudes that make up the great body of the inconsequence of name and fame. Perhaps, since I am a countryman, I stand out most prominent; and my unknown name is a burden which I feel to be much of the penalties to which I have just alluded. I have more to bear than falls ordinarily to the lot of a native of Philadelphia; and, as I am about to write the history of a brief period of trial, with a view, as far as simple of years, as one of the blacks in regions of Philadelphia, I will begin at the beginning.

One morning, after declining my breakfast, I sat down to the empty sheet of a newspaper, and had just about insolvency, and an article that interested me very much, when I said, and said I have was a gentleman in the parlor who wished to see me.

"Who is it?" I asked of the servant.

"I do know sure sir," was replied.

"Did he tell you his name?"

"No sir."

"Is old or up his card?"

"No sir."

"Very well. Tell him I will be down in a few minutes."

I tried to finish the article, but the thought of who it was that could want to see me, or what business might be, kept thrusting itself in between the ideas I was endeavoring to comprehend, and so entirely destroyed my interest in the article, that I gave it up, and I understood little or nothing of what I was reading. So I threw down the paper and descended to the parlor. I knew I must descend to it, for the servant could not lie to the man who had business with me in my extremity. The thought of trespassing upon a person so distinguished as myself, whose time must be valuable, and who had to expend was painful, and I resolved it for a good while. But in other occasions of that kind, and at last resolved to make the best of it. I entered the My father in Col. H——, of whom you have doubtless heard.

I learned, for his father's name was quite familiar to me.

"In that unfortunate position, sir, I must beg of you the loan of thirty dollars, which will barely pay my expenses home. The moment I arrive there, I will remit you the sum, with my own and my father's cordial thanks for the kindness."

Now I had but fifteen dollars. The young man's appearance and address were good, and his father was a man of standing at the South. But thirty dollars was a large sum for one unacquainted as I am, and familiar as no name is in the St. John's to the Colorado. The fact is, I could not spare that much without great inconvenience. But for me to say "I can't" to the young man was impossible. I thought of his father, and how it would sound to him when he received my letter, and I, John Smith, had refused so small a favor to him in his greatest extremity. I thought of my own father, and how he would feel if I refused such a favor to a fellow-citizen in the same situation. These two thoughts settled the matter. I put my hand into my pocket, silently drew out the money, counted out thirty dollars and handed it to the young man. He clutched it eagerly, and, overwhelming me with thanks, returned.

"So much for distinction. I said, with a sigh, when left alone. "So much for being known from the St. John's to the Colorado. If I ever see my thirty dollars again, I will be lucky."

I never was lucky in that portion of existence; for from that day to this I have not had a farthing of the son of Col. H——.

When I returned to my newspaper, I had lost all relish for its contents.

My profession—no matter, however, what my profession—was the reader, I perceive, is not very curious on this subject. An hour after, I was sitting in my office, when a person entered, took off his hat, and bowing with formal politeness, handed me a letter. I asked him to be seated, and then breaking the seal, read as follows:

"——Square, Esq.,
"*My Dear Sir*,

"Permit me to introduce to your acquaintance my very particular friend, William Wilson, who visits the East partly for pleasure and partly on business. He is an artist by profession, and has some thought of taking rooms in your city and remaining for a few months. His talents are of the first order, and have won for him an enviable reputation in this region of country. Any attentions that you may extend to him, or any aid you can give him in entering properly before the public, I shall regard as a favor done to myself. Pardon the liberty I take in thus trespassing upon you while yet personally a stranger. But by reputation, we are both known to each other, and are, therefore, in reality, not strangers.

"Most truly and cordially yours,
"——— Jones."

As in duty bound, I arose, took Mr. Wilson by the hand, and shaking it heartily, said that I was most happy to make his acquaintance, and would gladly do any thing in my power to serve his interests.

"How long have you been in the city?" I asked.

"Since yesterday. I arrived in the afternoon train from Philadelphia."

"Have you visited any of our public places?" I inquired.

"No, sir, not yet," was replied.

I took no time to spare from my regular pursuits for visiting Independence, Girard College, Fair Mount and other noted places, but as Mr. Wilson was consigned to my care by an individual standing so high as Mr. John Jones, I felt that these attentions were due to him, and the least I could pay. So I offered to be his attendant, on the next day, after the city and to his own private business in the vicinity. My offer was accepted with thanks.

After spending one hour more together, Mr. Wilson retired, I promising to call upon him at his store or lodging on the next morning.

According to agreement, I showed Mr. Wilson the lions of our city, and exerted myself for his entertainment, trying all the while to think of the cause of failure I was suffering upon the unbridled John Jones. Mr. Wilson proved to be a very unpretending person, at least so far as we saw. He expressed his wonder at every thing he saw in Philadelphia, and then only showed any general intelligence.

After seeing most that was to be seen, I passed him a new complimentary invitation to go home and take dinner with me, which he, nothing loth, accepted. For a stranger at dinner, I suppose, was a thing of frequent occurrence in this city.

"So much for distinction!" I said to myself, when Mr. Wilson had left me, after having given his address to me. "I am a man of some note, and have been known to the public for a number of years, as one of the blacks in regions of Philadelphia; and yet I am not invited to dine."

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and would offer death itself rather than ask a favor of any one. "Sir," said he glancing toward his wife—"these are circumstances in which a man may be placed, that compel him to surrender all personal considerations."

My—lings were touched. I looked from the face of the young man, that was full of anguish, to the drooping, shrinking figure of his wife, and felt that I was called upon, by every consideration of humanity, to render aid.

"I have but one excuse," resumed the stranger, "for troubling you, and that is, the fact that you stand out so prominently from your fellow citizens, that all eyes fall upon you first. I hesitated long before making this application; for it seemed to take advantage of your distinguished position. But something told me that to you I must come if I be led to aid. I will not presume to tax your kindness to any serious extent. I will not ask you to loan me enough money to take us home, and I will endeavor to get our passage to the East by credit. I will work from some humane individual a little for my assistance, and so find the means of getting back to the old place. Two dollars, sir, is all I feel that I dare ask for."

"That you shall have," I replied, with prompt-ness.

A gleam of light passed over the man's sad face, and his wife's countenance made a sudden movement, that expressed relief of mind.

I touched with the sad history, and especially affected by the presence of the mournful figure of the woman, I was moved to do more than grant the request just made. I offered to see some friends for him, and collect a sum sufficient to meet the entire cost of their passage home.

This I did, and on the next day had the pleasure of presenting the unfortunate couple with sixty dollars, for which I received the deepest expressions of gratitude.

On the next day I was called upon by a friend, who arranged a permanent place before the public. It was one that would be exceedingly lucrative, and his wife hesitate to force friends. On close enquiry I discovered that they were the same individuals to whom I had given two dollars, and collected fifty besides. As their tale of destitution had been told on that very day, the fact of their being impostors was clear. It only dawned on the stranger's mind, however, when fully dispelled before a friend's eyes. Then my own extreme vexation of spirits. Imposition I cannot bear. If I ever am to be deceived, I must be deceived in a manner entirely unpremeditated—in a manner entirely unpremeditated—in a manner entirely unpremeditated—

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 31, 1867.

TERMS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If MRS. We are always pleased to communicate with ladies on such subjects.

HENRY G. LEE. Will Mr. Lee please to call upon us, at his earliest convenience.

ACCEPTOR. The "Universal Rage," and "The Sullies of Columbus."

R. A. There are good passages in R A's poems, but there are also many unreflective ones. Instead of sending us three imperfect pieces, let R. A. serve us send us one tolerably perfect. It he would submit his poems to the suggestion and correction of some well-qualified person, before sending them to us, we would like it better. We have not time to point out his short-comings in detail, the only mode in which there is much use in addressing to him.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

As the Post Office regulation relative to Deaths, has been repealed, subscribers will have to resort to the old mode of ascertaining current funds direct to us. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

We wish to make one remark once for all, to our readers. Every article published in this paper as an original contribution, is believed to be such by us. We may be imposed upon by authors, but we are never a party to such imposition upon the public. In any case, therefore, where a tale or poem is published by us as original, which the reader is satisfied is not so, he will please lay the blame upon the pretended author. To avoid such impositions occasionally, is perhaps impossible.

THIS WEEK'S PAPER.

We come out this week in an entire new suit of type, and hope the printer, by careful press-work, will do justice to it. The large increase of our subscription list during the past year, warrants us in not stopping short of any expense calculated to improve either the typographical appearance, or the literary value of the Post. As to the looks of the Post, we think we are only saying too much when we demonstrate it the most elegant paper in the country—and as to the value of its contents, we think it is not, to say the least, behind any of its contemporaries.

So much in general—now as to this week's number in particular. "The Penalties of Distinction," by that well-known individual, John Smith, is a very interesting account of the afflictions to which he and other eminent men are subjected—showing how impossible it is to get all of the sweet without any of the sour. In this exhibition of the weight of "Lone in the Valley of the Jonatta," by Grace Greenwood, a true tale, will be a treat to our readers. We imagined by the account of "Aaron, the nuns," and lingered over the beautiful answer of Elizabeth to her lover.

As to the miscellaneous articles.—"The Lost Child" is a very pretty Sketch.—"The Deserted Page," a very interesting one.—and "The Way To Nothing a Bad Lesson," a very laughable one. The Poetry, also, both original and selected is, we think, very good.

CONSPIRACY AT ROME.

We have some interesting details of the atrocious conspiracy at Rome, organized by the Austrian Government, but the following, which we compress from a letter originally published in one of the London papers, contains all the material facts of the case:

It seems that Father Ventura's funeral oration upon O'Connell, was at the bottom of the affair. For two successive days the eloquent friar was hailed forth to an audience of fifteen thousand Romans, in a discourse marked by great freedom and boldness of thought. A period report of the oration was of course prepared for publication, but it was suppressed.

Upon a subsequent Sunday, sermons were preached from one of the Jesuit pulpits, answering if I mistake Ventura's sentiment, and deprecating both him and his topic. At sermon, however, the other pulpits of the Papal city took up the gauntlet thus thrown down by the Jesuits, and all counterclaimers were blown from as many churches in defence of the orations and the pulpit orators. The latter wrote to whom we have alluded, whose epistle is dated July 30, from proceeds.

Such was the posture of affairs last Sunday evening, and a week's progress with the fate of Rome was ushered in on Monday. The Italian cause met a perfect block, failing to take the title of what the censorship had done for it. Something was known, but nothing out bear publicity. A report had been sobbed, and on going to bed on Sunday evening, no further, Neither said, Pa goes, no one knew whether to rise. Have you had Rome? Whether a popular revolution had broken out? Then flew like wildfire about town, and breakfasts because an object of public curiosity. It was known that the news was in the air, and a messenger was sent out to learn. Returned from Farnese, the Neapolitan vengeance.

It appears that the approaching anniversary of the great act of amnesty of the 17th (yesterday) had been selected for a demonstration against the Pope and his priests. Three hundred refugees had been customarily feted and embodied; they consisted of discharged police spies, those so corrupted under Gregory had been lucrative and thriving, but was now gone—corrupt underlings at various public offices, who feared their fate would come next, and of course all the Austrian legation as vacuum departments of foul work. To these were added certain fanatics called *Papalini*, who acted from religious frenzy, and considered the Pope an enemy to Catholicity, and several unemployed officers and subalterns in the corps of gendarmerie, who joined with fervour in the new National flag, and were determined to show cause for not being themselves disbanded. They were more are Romans, but mostly from the marches of Ancona and Umbria. The plan was to create confusion in the evening of the tests, during the bandings and fireworks to be given by the Staff-officers and by the regiments the three great streets that disembogue upon the piazza del Popolo, and the gentlemen of the, under pretence of aggressive contempt among the people, to make a general onslaught, a sort of Petrolina.

The ingleuse were to be met in the back streets by knowledgeable friend with attention, spread at one thousand of which ostensibly weapons were to be concealed under the garments of the true leaders, and finally the general result was to be ascribed to the animadversion of people and the populace, on whom the Pope had foolishly insisted the gift of liberty. A reaction to the before-hand mark as government was looked for as the seven-day compensation for the disaffection considered such an object cheaply purchased at the price of popular bloodshed.

It is clear that where a party of traitors assemble, somebody will play the traitor. Some hint as either the plan became known at the chief of the Gendarmerie. Late on Tuesday night Prince Salviati at the head of a deputation from the civic guard waited upon the Pope's chamberlain on the Quirinal, and presented Pope with a patriotic flag, in the course of conversation with the chamberlain which they addressed and the details that were given to the Pope did not divulge the plan of assault of the regency to the crisis.

He slept well that night—knowing the position of the probable assent of the gendarmes; conspirators were invited to remain more at rank and influence to notify among the portion of their ranks; guns or cartridges were prepared and issued of the bread, on being on the entrance to the caserne which looks at the distant guard-house to which his battalion belonged. Rockets were quickly brought out of the arsenal at St. Angelo for distribution among the people. Eager and burning with indignant wrath, the murderous and ruffianly grouped themselves round the residence of the captain to each of the fourteen regions into which the city is divided. The whole day was spent in watch and ward. There was no time to think of sentence, each man, in his working dress, or every day costume, has been provided with two bullets, to one of which is attached a cartridge box containing twenty-four ball cartridges, to the other a sabre; on his shoulder is carried a double-barrelled gun, and thus armed on ground and military looks as if it really could and would fight for Pope against all and every opposition. Numbers implicated in the conspiracy have been arrested, and are guarded by the people from the face of the mob.

It seems at first too horrible to be believed, that the Government of Austria should be engaged in such an atrocious plot, but the proof is very strong that such was the fact. We must remember, too, that it was Austria which encouraged, if she did not prompt, the wholesale massacre of the nobility by their serfs at Galicia. Nothing in fact seems to be too infamous or too horrible to be contemplated by that high priest of despotism. As to the proofs of Austrian agency in the present case, they are these: Austrian weapons and Austrian coin, were found in abundance upon the persons of the miscreants who were arrested on the eventful night in the plot. Moreover, so sudden was the discovery of the conspiracy, that in many cases the parties suspected, among whom was the Governor of Rome himself, had barely time to flee, leaving their private papers and much valuable property behind them. And, latest of these houses while the members of the family were yet engaged in burning letters and documents that would have been fatal to them. And, as an overwhelming proof that Austria was a party to this infernal scheme, we have the statement of the Pope's chamberlain, authorized, that a regiment of Austrian troops advanced upon Ferrara, regardless of the protest of the Papal authorities, evidently with the view of being ready to arrive at the great scene of action at the critical instant, and to put the finishing stroke to the affair.

But there is a Providence that watches over the destinies of nations, and I have no doubt that the kindling rays of Italian freedom, which, to the astonishment of all the world, seem to shine forth in every nation in the midst of "the eternal city," from the Papal chair itself, as from another sun—it will not walled by a just Providence that that brightness can radiate to the remotest parts of the world. The plot was detected, to the everlasting shame of its concoctors. Fate has decreed it capable—and here father to his people. May his people prove themselves worthy of him, and worthy of their high destiny! It will increase their joy—their joyful anticipations, which the free hearted, the world over, are dawning from the unexpected presage of the early day of the enthroughout authority, a regiment of Austrian troops advanced upon Ferrara, regardless of the protest of the Papal authorities, evidently with the view of being ready to arrive at the great scene of action at the critical instant, and to put the finishing stroke to the affair.

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IMPORTANT MOVEMENT.

The President of the State of Honduras, has issued an Address to the other States composing Central America, inviting them to join with Mexico in her struggle to such improvement, and to aid in her struggle to such improvement, and to aid in her struggle to such improvement, and to aid

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

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MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. do. for New York State.

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Of SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.
Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots.

Local Intelligence.

AN OUTRAGE.

We hope the following will be a warning to those of our female readers who can avoid it, not to walk our street alone after dark. They must remember that every year, as our city becomes larger and wealthier, it also becomes more infested with rogues and villains. The police should also be increased and enjoined to greater vigilance every year, for the protection of those females who are forced to leave or return to their homes after night-fall:

A few evenings since, a gentleman and his wife left their dwelling together, but had not proceeded far when they separated, and as the wife was passing along Buttonwood street, below Broad, she was rudely assailed by a young man, who caught hold of her by the throat and shoulders. She became exceedingly alarmed, and screamed for help, and the scoundrel, fearing detection, ran away. On reaching her home she was seized with chronic convulsions, and exhibited symptoms of a serious character, which were produced by the fright and violent treatment which she had received. Dr. Haines was called in, and through his skill and attention serious consequences were averted, which the condition into which she had been thrown threatened.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

The circular of the committee on exhibitions of the Franklin Institute is published, inviting manufacturers and mechanics to contribute to the exhibition such of their works as they desire to submit to public inspection. Goods must be sent in before Tuesday, the 19th of October, on which day the exhibition opens. The regulations are substantially the same as at former exhibitions.

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

Our subscribers must not forget that this beautiful exhibition of fruits and flowers opens upon the fifteenth of this month. It is to continue open, we believe, for three days. We expect to see a fair representation of the beauty and manhood of the Counties adjoining Philadelphia, among the crowd always present at this exhibition.

☞ The Germantown railroad intends to make hourly trips from Philadelphia, as soon as the arrangement can be made, probably early next spring.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was [illegible]—adults [illegible] and children [illegible].

General News.

SINGULAR INVENTION.

The Pittsburg Journal has examined an invention [illegible]

Our Correspondents

SWITZERLAND.

[We have received the following communication, called forth by last week's editorial upon Switzerland. As it is very difficult to arrive at the true state of affairs in any foreign country, and as there are always two sides to every question, we publish the remarks of "Americus" with pleasure. We agree with "Americus" in a remark made in his accompanying note, that "much information is still wanted to enable us fully to understand the question:"]

It is difficult in this country to get correct information respecting Swiss affairs; and what we do get is usually upon one side, and that the "radical" one, with which we are likely to sympathize, because liberal principles like our own are usually stigmatized as *radical* by monarchists. The political condition of Switzerland is a question of great interest to Americans, who should watch the result with a view to the bearing of similar questions here. Like the United States, the Swiss republic is composed of a number of independent states or cantons, united under a federal compact or constitution, each canton making its own laws. This mode secures the independence of the individual states, particularly such as are weak, or have peculiar views or institutions.

As I understand the question, the more powerful Protestant cantons passed laws expelling the Jesuits, and endeavored to force the Catholic cantons to imitate them; but these refused, thinking the education of their children in competent hands. Among the means resorted to to compel the Catholic cantons to recede, was the formation of an illegal "free corps," which marched against the Catholics with arms, and but for the forbearance of the latter in one of the conflicts, most of the "corps" might have been cut to pieces instead of being taken prisoners, in this piratical expedition. The Protestants now passed laws against the "free corps," and feeling their strength, determined to set aside the federal compact and substitute another which would enable them the better to control the rights of the minority, if indeed these could form any part under a new compact without their consent. As might have been anticipated, the minority denies the constitutionality of these proceedings, and in their turn form a "sonderland," not for invasion, but for mutual protection, and to uphold the compact upon their own soil.

If the view here given is correct, the so-called radical party in Switzerland is not a liberal party, nor one with which the American people can have any sympathy; but one of tyranny, rather, which attempts to trample upon independent rights; and possibly this is the cause of the interference of France and Prussia. It is difficult to assign an *honest* motive for the course of Austrian policy, usually so corrupt; since, according to the Encyclopedia of Geography, the Catholic cantons are "the most purely democratic." Possibly, should the Swiss take up arms (as they must, if the new constitution is insisted upon,) it is feared that the example of fighting for rights may be imitated beyond the borders. AMERICUS.

"NO MACHINE CREATES POWER."

MR. EDITOR—I noticed in your paper of August 28th, an article entitled "Artificial Water Power," containing the remark, "No machine creates power." Now this is a mistake—not but that the writer was correct in his assertion so far as the driving of machinery is concerned; for no machine, however complete or ingenious it may be, can exert any more power than is applied; consequently such a machine as an automaton can never be constructed. But the fly or balance wheel of a steam engine serves to continue the motion of the crank beyond the centre when the piston is driven to the other end of the cylinder, without which there would be no action of the machine. Now this is what I call an exception to the rule, "No machine creates power." Again, he says, "I have heard men say a large fly-wheel creates a greater power," and goes on to say that such wheels, according to such *false* notions, ought to run by their own inclination. This is no false notion—for if a large fly wheel does not create a corresponding power, what is the reason a small or light one is not sufficient [illegible]

A GREAT COAT.—The editor of the Vicksburg Whig has seen a coat lately, that measured five feet around the waist. It was made for a gentleman from Kentucky, whose weight is four hundred pounds, is twenty-six years old, and has not yet got his full growth. He is about six feet six inches in height, measures fifty-four inches over the breast, sixty around the waist, and twenty-one across the back.

BAD SPECULATION.—In Detroit is a flour merchant, who some time since had four thousand barrels of flour, for which he was offered nine dollars per barrel, but preferred holding it for larger prices; the result is, he has the flour on hand yet, and will if obliged to sell at present prices, suffer a loss of four thousand dollars! by the depreciation.

HE SAYS SO.—A French surgeon asserts that, by exposing men and animals to a galvanic current from Clarke's magneto-electro apparatus, he has succeeded in rendering them as insensible to pain as if they had inhaled sulphuric ether.

A POST OFFICE ROBBED.—The Northampton (Mass.) Post Office was robbed last week. About three or four hundred letters were taken, one containing seventy-nine dollars, and another a draft for one hundred and ten dollars.

THE WHEELING BRIDGE.—An engineer is now engaged in marking out the ground for the bridge across the Ohio at Wheeling. The span will be exactly 1,010 feet from centre to centre of the abutments.

A COINCIDENCE.—General Santa Anna debarked from a British steamer, at Vera Cruz, on the 14th of August, 1846, and Paredes likewise landed from a British steamer on the 14th of August, 1847.

NAUGHTY BOYS.—It is said that the boys in a ten-pin alley at White Sulphur Springs, refused to put up the pins for ex-President Tyler, when they found out who he was!

ELOPEMENT.—A man, belonging in Lowell, eloped from that place, with a married woman, on Friday week. He left behind him a wife and three children.

GENERAL TAYLOR.—The story about General Taylor resigning his command and returning home to the United States, in November, has been again raised.

MORE TROOPS FROM LOUISIANA.—The Secretary of War has directed two more companies of mounted men to be recruited in this State.

Political Intelligence

ILLINOIS.—The Illinois State Convention has made it the duty of the Legislature, by a vote of 92 to 43, at its first session under the amended Constitution, to pass such laws as will effectually prohibit free persons of color from immigrating to and settling in that State. They are also to pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the owners of slaves from the introduction of slaves into the State for the purpose of setting them free. The people, however, are yet to vote upon the matter.

DOUBTFUL.—A Washington letter states, that just before his death, Hon. Silas Wright wrote a letter to a friend, in which he avowed a determination not to be a candidate for the Presidency.

RHODE ISLAND.—The election in Rhode Island for a member of Congress, has resulted in the Democrats carrying their candidate. This is a Democratic gain.

Clippings.

☞ Mr. Clay has presented to Capt. Cutter a gold ring, set with a precious stone, and inclosing a braid of hair of his lamented son, the late Lieut. Col. Henry Clay, Jr., as a memorial of gratitude for the generous office Capt. C. rendered him in his last moments on the bloody field of Buena Vista.

☞ California would be a great place for mechanics if they had any money there. The price of making a coat is twenty-five dollars! and five dollars for pants. A black-smith can earn from six to ten dollars a day, if he'll take it out in what he can get.

[illegible]

Items of News.

[illegible]

Religious Intelligence

[illegible]

Varieties.

FANNY FORESTER.

Mrs. Judson, (late "Fanny Forester,") in a letter from Rangoon, India, mentions the way in which she spends her days in her new home as follows:

At half-past five in the morning I take a ride on horseback, from which I return at half-past six. To throw off my riding dress, take a bath, and put on a loose morning gown occupies scarcely five minutes. Then I go through the house, overturning, rectifying, and arranging, directing and praising—teach the "small people," &c. At seven my teacher comes, and with "Mamma" and "Mrs." almost constantly ringing in my ears by way of request, complaint or question, I stumble through round O's until eight. By the way, I can read the language quite intelligently and intelligibly, though I cannot speak it much, or understand it when spoken. At eight we have family worship, and at half-past eight breakfast. At ten my teacher comes again. I keep him as long as I can, but I find studying with a teacher very fatiguing. Alone I get along much easier, though not so rapidly. My Burman woman mends the children's clothes, &c., and I have her sit in my study through the day, for she requires constant showing. That helps to call the children, and the children the dog, (their especial property,) and so I do not unfrequently have a little bedlam about me. I divide my time between books and family matters until five, when we dine. The Doctor then comes from his study, and after dinner, (as he thinks exercise is life,) we walk in the veranda and talk until candle-light. He then goes again to his study, while I see the little ones under their mosquito curtains. At seven we have Burman worship.

FANNY BUTLER.

Mrs. (Fanny Kemble) Butler is the subject of a very old anecdote in the "Guernsey Sun." On her passage to that Island from Jersey, it would appear that she was very ill on board the steamer, and, consequently, not much in the humor to be disturbed or spoken to. The stewardess was, however, obliged to ask for the fare; when the application was answered by Mrs. B. ejaculating, with a truly theatrical tone and attitude, "Woman, when you see a poor creature suffering as I am now, you should not ask for money." She said it in a joke, probably.

JENNY'S KISS.

In "Leigh Hunt's Men, Women and Books," is the following exquisite *rondeau*, which has, says the reviewer, besides its own excellence, the additional interest of being the offspring of a *real* impulse, and of chronicling the loving audacity of one of the most charming of women:—

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put *that* in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me!

A DISCARDED HEADSMAN.—The public executioner of Paris having lately been dismissed from his place, without, as he thinks, sufficient cause, has drawn up and published a pamphlet, in which he pleads for restoration, on the ground that in the whole course of his existence he has acted with the greatest kindness and respect toward all his *clients*, that he has invariably cut off their heads in a very neat style, and with great despatch, and that he has introduced some important improvements in the guillotine.

SEEING THE ELEPHANT IN EARNEST.—A Scotch young lady, who went out on a matrimonial speculation to India, having heard a good deal of talk on the passage, about the mosquitoes and of the wounds inflicted by the proboscis of that pest of hot climates, exclaimed in terror, on seeing an elephant when she landed in Madras, "Hech, sir, but there is one of those mosquitoes; look at its proboscis!"

MORE INQUISITIONS THAN ONE.—A sprightly academician was one day making some free observations upon the Canons before an eminent sage of the law:—"Beware, young man," says the prudent councellor of the holy office, "and remember that there are starving as well as burning inquisitions."—*Foreign Paper.*

The Markets.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

August, 1847	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
11 Saturday,	5 44	6 16	7 9	
12 Sunday,	5 46	6 14	7 40	D. H. M.
13 Monday,	5 47	6 13	4 12	
14 Tuesday,	5 48	6 12	4 47	
15 Wednesday,	5 50	6 10	5 26	Last 1 3 44
16 Thursday,	5 51	6 9	6 12	New 9 10 17
17 Friday,	5 52	6 8	7 8	First 17 1 51
18 Saturday,	5 54	6 6	8 25	Full 24 8 55

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock	12 o'clock	3 o'clock
August	29,	70	78	78
	30	70	73	82
	31,	72	79	82
Sept	1	73	80	80
	2,	74	77	78
	3,	72	80	86
	4,	76	84	87

Married,

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. John Kennaday, D. D. JOHN C. EWERBACH, of this city, to MARGARET L. FUTCHER, of Lewistown, Del.

At Frankford, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Wm. D. Howard, JOHN HILL, to ELIZABETH WALTERS, daughter of Thomas Clifton, Esq. all of Philadelphia.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. SAMUEL BARRET, to Miss MARY ANN MCNAMEE, both of this city.

On the 23d ult. by Alderman J. Mitchell, EBENEZER COLEMAN, to AMANDA DOUGLASS, both of the city of Philadelphia.

On the 23d ult. by the same, ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM, to SARAH BLAIR, both of the State of N. Jersey.

On the 2d inst. by the same, RICHARD HOLLAHAN, to SALLY ANN LOVETT, both of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 28th ult. by Friends' Ceremony, in the presence of J. A. White, Esq. ELIAS UNDERWOOD, to HANNAH B. HAMPTON, of the Northern Liberties.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. O. Douglass, CHARLES T. FOULKE, M. D. of Maryland, to Miss MATTIE S. daughter of the Rev. O. Douglass, of Philadelphia.

On the 30th ult. at Jos. Beswick's Hotel, sign of the Wagon and Horses, Race street, by Alderman C. Brazer, Mr. GEORGE PARKER, to Miss MARY HEAP, both of Chester county, Pa.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. WILLIAM R. WARRICK, to Miss MARGARET AULD, all of this city.

On the 31st ult. at Saint John's Church, Manayunk, Pa. by the Rev. David Mulholland, Mr. FRANCIS O. SCHALL, to Miss SUSANNAH S. BARAT, all of the above named place.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. WM. SHERIDAN KNOWLES, to Miss CORNELIA DERRICK, all of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Pastor Reichert, Mr. JACOB WORZ, of Spring Garden, to Miss CHRISTIANA MALEY, of Harrisburg.

In this city, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Geo. Kempton, Mr. WILLIAM H. SCHALL, of Orwigsburg, Pa. to ANNA C. daughter of the late David Walker, Esq. formerly of Port Clinton, Pa.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. N. S. Harris, Mr. ANDREW M. SIEP, to Miss AMANDA M. CAVETT, all of this city.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. C. Danfield, Mr. WILLARD AUGUSTUS POOL, of Attleborough, Mass. to Miss REBECCA JANE WALTON, of Philadelphia.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Wylie, JOHN EGERTON SMITH, of Brooklyn, L. I. to AGNES ANN HAY, of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Dorton, Mr. AMOS M. HULL, to Miss MATILDA CAVETT, all of this city.

Died,

On the 4th inst. Mrs. ELIZA HAYWARD.

On the 4th inst. Mrs. ANN, wife of Samuel Kinduck, aged 38 years.

On the 4th inst. JACOB MONHEIMER, aged 72 years.

MATILDA MOOREHEAD, aged 16 months.

On the 4th instant, EMMA, daughter of Michael and Catharine Collar, aged 5 years.

On the 4th inst. MARGARET CHAFFIN, daughter of John and Elizabeth Ann Cane, aged 1 year.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. ISABELLA KERR, aged 92.

On the 1st inst. THOMAS REILLY, aged 12 years.

On the 3d inst. HENRY RUSSELL, aged 41 years.

On the 2d inst. GEORGE TURMAN, aged 74 years.

On the 3d inst. ARTHUR MCKENNA, aged 35 years.

On the 2d inst. Miss ELIZABETH NELSON, aged 27.

On the 31st ult. PAUL CRISPIN, aged 53 years.

On the 31st ult. WM. P. LINKER, aged 18 years.

On the 3d inst. JOSEPH E. SNYDER, aged 26 years.

On the 3d inst. JOSIAH HUGHES, aged 30 years.

At Manayunk, on the 2d inst. Mrs. CATHARINE GALLAGHER, aged 67 years.

On the 3d inst. CATHARINE QUIGLEY, aged 22 months.

On the 3d inst. CATHARINE J. daughter of Chas. and Catharine Twaddle, aged 11 months.

On the 31st ult. ROBERT LUCAS, son of Resolved W. and Mary H. Gardner, aged 31 months.

On the 3d inst. BENJAMIN NUNEZ, aged 16 years.

On the 1st inst. MARGARET JANE GIFFORD, aged 2 years and 10 months.

On the 1st inst. SARAH ANN SNARE, aged 19 years.

On the 2d inst. MARY ANN, wife of Matthias Hammett, aged 25 years.

At Columbus, N. J. on the 1st inst. SARAH K. SMITH, aged 68 years.

On the 1st inst. Mrs. MARY HERRINGTON, aged 76.

On the 1st inst. MARTHA ANN, daughter of John Royal, aged 3 years.

On the 1st inst. MARGARET JANE, daughter of Thos. and Jane Holland, aged 6 months.

On the 1st inst. at Woodstown, N. J. Miss MARY L. BOLTON.

On the 1st inst. CHAS. A. WILSON, Jr. aged 4 years and 7 months.

On the 1st inst. MARIA C. FRANKS, daughter of S. G. and the late Sarah McLean, aged 17 months.

On the 28th ult. JOHN SARGEANT PORTER, aged 23.

On the 30th ult. CHARLES HENRY, son of F. A. and [illegible]

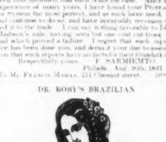
Bank Note List.

[illegible]

TYPE FOR SALE.

[illegible]

DR. KOBY'S BRAZILIAN



HAIR CURLING LIQUID.

[illegible]

CIRCULAR ADDRESS
BY THE
COMMITTEE ON EXHIBITIONS,
OF THE
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, FOR THE PROMOTION OF THE MECHANIC ARTS.

To the Manufacturers and Mechanics of the U. States.

Convinced of the beneficial influence exercised upon the manufacturing and mechanical interests of our country by public exhibitions of extensive collections of specimens of American ingenuity, skill and industry, the "Franklin Institute of the State of Pennsylvania for the Promotion of the Mechanic Arts," has determined upon its *seventeenth* Exhibition.

This will take place at the Museum Building, in Philadelphia, in October next;—the rooms to be opened for the reception of goods on Friday, the 15th of that month,—and for the admittance of visitors on Tuesday, the 19th. The exhibition will close on Saturday, the 30th.

You are hereby respectfully invited to contribute, either personally or through your agents, such articles in your respective branches of business as you may desire to submit to public inspection, in order that their merits may be properly and more extensively known and appreciated. Their novelty, excellence, or utility; their style of workmanship, and their adaptation to the purposes intended, will thus be made known to dealers, and to the community in general, to the mutual benefit of both producer and consumer.

Premiums will be awarded for articles of peculiar merit or excellence, and great care will be taken to ensure, in every case, a fair examination, a just judgment, and an impartial award.

The regulations will be substantially the same as those by which our former exhibitions have been governed. Such changes only have been made as experience has shown to be desirable.

At the last exhibition, articles were received for competition until ten o'clock on the morning of Tuesday,—the hour at which visitors were admitted. This practice has been a source of great inconvenience, confusion and dissatisfaction, in consequence of the disposition of so many depositors to delay the bringing of their goods until the last moment allowed by the rules established by the Committee. Though the rooms were opened on Friday morning, very few articles were deposited either on that day or Saturday,—and even on Monday evening little more than half of the vast collection afterwards exhibited was in the building. But on Tuesday morning, so great was the rush, that the entrance to the rooms was completely blocked up by a crowd of depositors, with porters bearing their goods, pressing forward in order to be in time to have their articles entered before the closing of the books. A scene of great confusion ensued, causing much difficulty and embarrassment to all, and particularly to the clerks and others employed in the entering and arrangement of the goods. Many of these late depositors, who had still hoped to be in time, were not able to have the proper entries made and their goods deposited before the hour appointed for closing the books had arrived; and were thus prevented from having their articles brought under the notice of the judges.

In order to avoid these unpleasant results for the future, the rule has been changed; and notice is now given, that all goods intended for competition, or desired to be submitted to the examination of the judges, must be deposited on Friday, Saturday and Monday. If any should be afterwards brought, they may be received, but will not be entered on the judges' list.

The vast extent of the rooms, and the late alterations and improvements which have been made in them, will afford ample space and convenience for the proper and conspicuous display of every article deposited.

A steam engine will, as heretofore, be provided for propelling such machines as it may be desirable to put in motion with a view of exhibiting their practical operation. This department of our exhibitions is always productive of interest, and it is hoped that inventors and machinists will not neglect so good an opportunity of making known to the public, the practical effect of new, interesting, or useful working machinery.

Annexed are the Regulations adopted for the government of this exhibition.

REGULATIONS

Of the Seventeenth Exhibition of American Manufactures, to be held in the City of Philadelphia, from the 19th to the 30th day of October, inclusive, 1847.

1. The exhibition rooms will be prepared for the reception of goods, on Friday, the 15th of October, and opened for the admission of visitors on Tuesday, the 19th of October, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

2. No goods deposited after Monday evening, October 18th, can be entered on the judges' lists for competition or premium.

3. To insure a perfect impartiality, the Managers of the Institute, the Committee on Exhibitions, and all firms or partnerships in which a Manager, or a Member of the Committee on Exhibitions, is interested, shall be excluded from competition; and the judges will be exclusively selected from persons practically acquainted with the several branches of Manufactures on which they shall be appointed, but who are neither depositors of such manufactures themselves, nor in any way interested in the articles submitted to their examination.

4. Awards will not be confined to specimens prepared expressly for exhibition, but regard will be had to the prices and quality of the articles, compared with the same description of foreign goods, and with specimens presented at former exhibitions, and no premium shall be awarded for an article that has received one at any former exhibition of the Institute.

5. Proof of origin must be furnished, if required, for every specimen offered for exhibition.

6. All articles deposited must be accompanied by an invoice, stating the name and residence of the maker and depositor; and it is particularly requested that labels may be attached, bearing the name of the maker—in default of which, articles have sometimes failed to receive any reward by the judges. It is also desirable that the names of articles should be marked upon them, and that those intended for sale, should be marked with their prices, and the places where they can be obtained.

7. Arrangements will be made to exhibit to advantage any working models or machinery that may be sent in for exhibition, and contributions in this branch [illegible]

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

THE CHILD AND THE MOURNERS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A little child, beneath a tree,
Sat and chanted cheerily
A little song, a pleasant song,
Which was—she sang it all day long—
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall;
But a good God reigns over all."

There passed a lady by the way,
Moaning in the face of day;
There were tears upon her cheek,
Grief in her heart too great to speak;
Her husband died but yester-morn,
And left her in the world forlorn.

She stopped and listened to the child
That looked to Heaven, and singing, smiled;
And saw not for her own despair,
Another lady, young and fair,
Who, also passing, stopped to hear
The infant's anthem ringing clear.

For she but a few sad days before
Had lost the little babe she bore;
And grief was heavy at her soul
As that sweet memory o'er her stole,
And showed how bright had been the Past,
The Present drear and overcast.

And as they stood beneath the tree
Listening, soothed and placidly,
A youth came by, whose sunken eyes
Spake of a load of miseries;
And he, arrested like the twain,
Stopped to listen to the strain.

Death had bowed the youthful head
Of his bride beloved, his bride unwed;
Her marriage robes were fitted on,
Her fair young face with blushes shone,
When the destroyer smote her low,
And changed the lover's bliss to woe.

And these three listened to the song,
Silver-toned, and sweet, and strong,
Which that child, the live-long day,
Chanted to itself in play:
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all."

The widow's lips impulsive moved;
The mother's grief, tho' unreproved,
Softened, as her trembling tongue
Repeated what the infant sung;
And the sad lover, with a start,
Conned it over to his heart.

And though the child—if child it were,
And not a seraph sitting there—
Was seen no more, the sorrowing three
Went on their way resignedly,
The song still ringing in their ears—
Was it music of the spheres?

Who shall tell? They did not know,
But in the midst of deepest woe
The strain recurred when sorrow grew,
To warn them and console them, too;
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all."

Selected Sketch.

THE DIAMOND TAGS.

The Literary World, in a notice of Miss Pardoe's new work, "Louis XIV. and the Court of France in the 17th Century," quotes the following account of the simple facts of the affair of the diamond tags, out of which Dumas has made so pleasant a story in the "Three Guardsmen." The World says: "There is, perhaps, no single episode in the history of this remarkable reign so strikingly characteristic of the spirit of the age and the extent to which intrigue was carried. It is, phrenologically speaking, the very romance of 'secretiveness.'"

* * * * * * The Queen then wrote a letter to Buckingham, in which she besought him immediately to leave France. This done, she gave into the charge of her attendant not only the letter, but also a casket containing the aiguillette with its diamond pendants, which had been presented to her by the King, and in which she appeared at the ball of Madame Chevreuse. The first she knew would inflict a pang, and the second was intended to heal the wound, by serving as a memorial of their friendship.

It may for a moment create surprise that the Queen should venture to dispossess herself of so recently acquired and so remarkable an ornament; but be it remembered, that her resources were scanty, that she had already done honor to the present of the King by appearing with it on her person in public, and that while as a sovereign she could not offer to the magnificent Duke a remembrance without some intrinsic value, she was also enabled by sacrificing the jewel in question to gratify her softer feelings, by the conviction that, as this was a decoration worn indifferently by both sexes, Buckingham would be reminded of her whenever it formed a portion of his dress.

On the morrow, Anne of Austria took leave of the English envoy in the presence of all the court, and his bearing was that of a finished gentleman and a respectful courtier. No eye could detect a glance, no ear could gather up a sentence, which was not in accordance with the most scrupulous etiquette. Buckingham carried away with him a pledge of royal regard which almost consoled him for his departure. Meanwhile, Madame de Lannoy, the zealous spy of the cardinal, had detected the disappearance of the diamond aiguillette from the Queen's casket, and, with the ready perception of malice, she suggested to Richelieu that it had in all probability been sent to Buckingham as a parting present. The cardinal lost not an instant in writing to one of the ladies of Charles's court who was in his interest—for, like a spider, he attached his web on every side—offering to present her with 50,000 livres if she could succeed in cutting away a couple of the tags of the shoulder knot, the first time that Buckingham appeared in it, and forwarding them forthwith by a safe messenger to himself.

A fortnight afterwards, the two tags were in the possession of Richelieu. The Duke had worn the aiguillette at a state ball, and the emissary of the cardinal had cut away a couple of its pendants unobserved. The vindictive minister gloated over his prize! Now, as he believed, his revenge was certain.

The first care of Richelieu was to carry the diamonds to the King, and to acquaint him with the method by which they had been procured. Louis examined them closely. There could be no doubt that they had indeed formed a portion of the ornament which had been his last present to his wife; his pale brow flushed with indignant rage, and, before the cardinal left the royal closet, every precaution was taken to insure the speedy exposure of the Queen.

On the following morning, Louis himself announced to Anne, of Austria, that a ball, given by the civil magistrates of Paris, at the town hall would take place the day but one following; and he coupled this information with the request that in order to compliment both himself and the magistrates, she would appear in the aiguillette which he had lately presented to her. She replied simply and calmly that he should be obeyed.

The eight-and-forty hours which were still to intervene before his vengeance could be accomplished, appeared so many centuries to the cardinal duke. Anne of Austria was now fairly in the toils, and still her composure remained unruffled. How was this apparent tranquility to be explained? Richelieu had already experienced that, aided by Buckingham and Madame de Chevreuse, she had possessed the power to baffle even his ingenuity; but she now stood alone, and even had she ventured upon so dangerous a step as that of replacing the jewels, he well knew that on the present occasion she possessed neither the time nor the means.

The hour of the festival at length struck; and it had been arranged that the King should first make his entrance into the ball-room, accompanied by his minister, and that the Queen should follow, attended by her own court. Richelieu was enabled to calculate upon commencing his triumph from the very moment of her appearance on the threshold.

Precisely an hour before midnight the Queen was announced, and every eye at once turned eagerly towards her. She was magnificent, alike in loveliness and apparel. She wore a Spanish costume, consisting of a dress of green satin embroidered with gold and silver, having hanging sleeves, which where looped back with large rubies, serving as buttons. Her ruff was open, and displayed her bosom, which was extremely beautiful, and upon her head she had a small cap of green velvet, surmounted by a heron feather: while from her shoulder depended gracefully the aiguillette, with its twelve diamond tags.

As she entered the King approached her—avowedly to offer his compliments upon her appearance, but actually to count the tags. His arithmetic amounted to a dozen. The cardinal stood a pace behind him, quivering with rage. The twelve tags were hanging from the shoulder of the Queen, and, nevertheless, he grasped two of them in his hand at the same moment. Aye, in his hand; for he had resolved not to lose an instant in triumphing over the proud and insolent beauty who had laughed his passion to scorn, and made him a mark for the ridicule of his associates. The vow that he uttered in his heart, as he gazed upon her calm and defying brow that night, probably cost Buckingham his life; for Richelieu was not duped by the belief that the shoulder knot of the duke, from whence his own two tags had been severed, was not identical with that now floating over the arm of Anne of Austria.

The plot had, nevertheless, failed, and once more the cardinal was beaten upon his own ground.

It is, however, time that we should disclose the secret of this apparently mysterious incident to our readers.

On his return from the state ball, at which he had appeared with the aiguilette of Anne of Austria, Buckingham, who would confide to no one the care of his precious ornament, was about to restore it to his casket, when he perceived the substraction which had taken place, and for a moment abandoned himself to a fit of anger, believing that he had been made the victim of a common theft,—an instant's reflection, however, convinced him that such was not likely to be the case, as he had upon his person jewels of greater value, which it would have been equally easy to purloin, and these all remained intact. A light broke upon him; he suspected the agency of his old enemy and rival, the cardinal duke; and his immediate measure was to place an embargo upon the English ports, and to prohibit all masters of vessels from putting to sea, under pain of death. During the operation of this edict, which created universal astonishment throughout the country, the jeweller of Buckingham was employed day and night in completing the number of the diamond tags; and it was still in full force, when a light fishing smack, which had been exempted from the general disability, was scudding across the channel to Calais, under the command of one of the duke's confidential servants, and having on board, for all its freight, the aigullette of Anne of Austria.

In the course of the ensuing day, the ports were opened, and the thousand and one rumors which had been propagated by the people died gradually away, as no explanation of the incomprehensible and rigorous measure ever transpired. The result was the receipt of her shoulder-knot by the Queen the very day before the ball of the magistrates.

The apparent tranquility of Anne, of Austria, which had been for the first few hours the apathetic calmness of despair, ultimately grew out of the certainty of security; and the ready wit and chivalric devotion of Buckingham, which had so frequently threatened her destruction, for once supplied her ægis.

Our Scrap Book.

ANECDOTES OF THE POPE.

The Holy Father, who has not at his command all the treasuries of Christendom to fill, as he desires, the hands of the supplicants who come to him, at least knows how to bestow his alms in the right place. One day one of those characters, whom the artists at Rome call *Romanacher*, presented himself to Pius IX. declaring that he was overwhelmed with misfortunes, his wife was dying and his children without bread. The Pope looked at him and replied, that honest misery would not wear so red a nose or so shining a face, and that some trick was perhaps lurking under it. But to the doubts of his Holiness, the fellow replied that his grandfather was paralytic and that the grandfather of his wife was stone-blind. With all his family ill upon his hands, his case was truly pitiful. A hundred piastres, he said, would be enough to help him out of the difficulty. The Pope borrowed the money of his treasurer, and gave it to him.

But a doubt took possession of the donor. "Have I bestowed my charity to good purpose?" He wished to know what to think of it. He put on the outer dress of a simple priest and presently walked beyond the suburb of the Transteverins whither the Romanache had been watched. He stopped before a certain house, from which issued shouts and the joyous ringing of glasses. He entered, and recognized his man in good company, leaning with his elbows on the table in all the glory of intoxication. "To the health of the good Pope, who treats us to such capital wine!" cried the Amphitryon in a return of consciousness. "It is he who will teach you how to act, he who might send you to prison for having stolen the goods of the poor," said Pius IX., to the terrified and cast-down boon companions. "Let this serve as a lesson, and let my indulgence for the present help you to deserve full forgiveness."

The Romans of the present day, like the Romans of other times, are the greatest lovers of art in the world, and especially of the art Terpsichorean. The dancing of Fanny Elssler had electrified them so much, that their enthusiasm had produced a subscription of twelve thousand francs, which sum they had converted into a crown of gold; this they intended to offer to the object of their idolatry. Nevertheless, they recollected that there was a man at the Quirinal whom they preferred to Fanny Elssler; they went to him and said:—

"Holy Father, we desire to give to Fanny Elssler this crown of gold, if it will not be displeasing to your Holiness."

"Give the crown of gold, if that amuses you," replied the good Pius IX., smiling, "only I suggest that your present is not logical."

"Why not, Holy Father?"

"Why, I have supposed hitherto that crowns were made for the head, not for the legs."

The Romans gave their crown of gold to Fanny Elssler, but the same day they sent to Pius IX. a thousand crowns for his poor.

Not long since, Pius IX. proposed a new reform to his Council. Twenty Cardinals, who were most hostile to the constant disposition of the Holy Father, were present. Twenty black balls were found in the urn which contained the votes. Pius IX. was not disconcerted; taking the white scull-cap from his head and laying it upon the urn, he said: "Now, gentlemen, the black balls are all white." The measure passed the next day. The evening of that day, M. Rossi, the French Ambassador, paid him a visit. The Holy Father, visibly moved from the impression produced by the scene of the morning, described it to his visiter, adding: "The opposition I meet with daily, will not check me. I shall gain the end I propose for my government, for I possess the love of my people. And even if the love of that good people should one day fail me, I shall not be discouraged, for still there will remain to me the support of God."

A YANKEE GAME COCK.

The Spanish barque Gallo de Pelen, on her first voyage from this port to Havana, was boarded by a young eagle. Where he came from no one on board could imagine, unless he had escaped from some vessel, and lost himself in the "wide expanse of waters." He seemed to be completely fagged out with his long journey, and could scarcely retain his hold on the rigging. He was taken down, fed and petted, and soon became very tame, and a great favorite with the sailors. Havana, as every body knows, is a great place for cock-fighting, and our sailors were not long in finding their way to a pit. On their return to the barque, one of them, a long-legged Yankee, (who had been shipped to fill a vacancy occasioned by the death of one of the crew,) proposed that they should go into a little speculation with their eagle. This was agreed to, and the bird of Jove was accordingly furnished with a beautiful red flannel comb and gills, a neat coat of paint, a pair of gaffs, and he was metamorphosed into a very respectable looking fighting cock. The intelligence that a Yankee game-cock was to be seen on board the Gallo de Pelen was soon spread throughout the city, and crowds came down to see him. He was kept in the forecastle, and a few at a time admitted at a small charge.

But this was not enough—they wanted to see him fight—but none were bold enough to risk a favorite cock against such a formidable looking customer. A match was finally made up by giving large odds, and the pit was crowded almost to suffocation. Everything having been prepared, the cocks were scientifically put into the ring, but alas! for those who had taken so much trouble, the fight was of the shortest kind. The eagle not having been fed for a couple of days, was of course hungry, and not knowing the use of his spurs, nor understanding in the least what was expected of him, eschewed all fancy tricks, dashed in eagle fashion upon his adversary, struck him with his beak, seized a leg in each of his talons, tore him completely open, and commenced eating him with extreme gusto! The astonishment of the Spaniards may possibly be imagined, but cannot be described—there was some most horrible swearing in Spanish, with a slight sprinkling of broken English, and all Yankee game-cocks were unanimously consigned to a place of the warmest description, the name of which it is not necessary here to mention.

Schoolmaster at Home.—It was lately proposed in a small town in Franklin county, to build a new meeting-house, and a man living three or four miles from the centre was called upon for a subscription. "I shan't give a cent, I tell you," said he, "you want to build a populous house, and then you'll want a populous minister, and perhaps you'll go to Amherst and get a sturgeon, and then we folks that live in the outskirts will have to pay his scullery. I shan't do it."—*Barre Gazette*.

Our Picture Gallery.

WILD BULL HUNTING.

The Spanish bull-fight has often been described, but that species of bull-fight which, while it affords pastime to the people, subdues the noble animal to be a partaker of the labors of the husbandman is, we believe, little or not at all known in this country. The Spanish Peninsula abounds with extensive forest lands, which, though reaching over a wide extent of country, is sufficiently open to afford pasture and food to herds of wild cattle who roam almost unmolested amongst their shades. The great forest of the Alemtejo is an apt illustration. In this some hundreds of square miles of country are occupied by growing timber; but within its bounds large open spaces exist which serve for pasturages, and occasionally a farm, a vineyard, or an olive grove may be seen struggling, as it were, for existence amidst the vast solitudes. But though occasional glimpses of culture appear, they are far too few and far between to offer any serious check to the increase and independence of the herds which roam around them undisturbed. It was in this forest that I witnessed for the first time the method of capturing the wild bulls. I had received intimation that the village of Alcoxete, on the Tagus, was to be the scene of a bull-fight, and that the villagers for many miles round were invited to join in the hunt, which was to take place on the following day; I accordingly crossed the river in company of about twenty persons, mostly military, each being provided with a long pole, having a small spike fixed in one end, and mounted as inclination or ability suited. When we arrived on the opposite bank, a little before day-break, we found about 250 or 300 persons assembled, some mounted on different sorts of quadrupeds, from the most noble Andalusian horse to the humble back donkey, and very many on foot. They were all armed in a similar manner to ourselves. As soon as daylight began to appear we all marched off towards the forest. The morning was peculiarly fine, and the interest of the beautiful scenery was heightened by the varied costumes of the persons by whom we were surrounded. As soon as we had advanced some distance into the wood we halted for the purpose of refreshment, before the arduous and somewhat perilous duties of the day began. After a hasty meal we divided into two parties, one stretching in a long line to the right and the other to the left. We had not advanced far in this manner before we fell in with a herd of cattle having twelve bulls with it, which no sooner descried us than they bounded off with the speed of lightning. The sport had now begun; we put our horses to the utmost speed, threading our way amongst the tall pine-trees as well as we could, and endeavoring by wild cries to drive the bulls towards the other party. At length, after about an hour's chase, some half-dozen of us who were better mounted than the rest came up with them, and commenced the attack with our long poles. The manner was this: one person riding at full speed gave the bull nearest him a sharp prick with the goad, which it no sooner felt than it turned upon its assailant and gave chase; another horseman then coming up attacked it on the other side, when, leaving the first assailant, it turned upon the second; he in like manner was rescued by a third, and so on. The attention of the infuriated animal thus distracted prevented his escape, and gave time for the other hunters to come up. The bulls were thus at length separated from the herd. A sufficient number having arrived to form a circle round them, we commenced operations for the purpose of driving them towards the town: all the skill of the riders was now necessary, and all the activity possessed by both man and horse, to keep clear from the pointed horns which on every side were directed against him, as well as to prevent the herd from breaking through the living net with which it was surrounded. This was perhaps the most difficult part, and was attained by keeping each bull separately engaged, and thus preventing united action; for what line was sufficient, armed as we were, to resist the simultaneous rush of these most powerful animals. The continued activity and exertion requisite had knocked up many of the poor jades who had started in the morning, and the circle became smaller and smaller as the day advanced; several, too, had been carried off severely gored and wounded by the horns and feet of the bulls. I, however, and the party with whom I started, were resolved to see the conclusion, and redoubling our efforts we at length, about four o'clock in the afternoon, succeeded in driving them into an enclosure where were a number of oxen (all at one time wild) with bells, quietly grazing. Here they were kept till required for the next day's sport.

Fun and Frolic.

A Legal Trial.—At a trial held at an English shire-town, during the last summer, the counsel for the defendant found it would be necessary to excite the sympathies of the jury rather more than usual. Assuming a most doleful air, he took a little child of the client's in his arms, who immediately began to cry. The lawyer went on with his plea, using all the melancholy expressions he could think of, and pausing every few moments to wipe his eyes. The poor child shrieked louder and louder—the jury began to wriggle in their seats, and feel particularly uncomfortable—the plaintiff turned very pale, and the lookers on considered the matter decided. Just as the excitement had almost reached its highest, and needed but one more groan from the lawyer, and one more shriek from the child, to render the defendant victorious, the opposing lawyer rose in his seat, and calling the child by name, asked him what he was crying for. "Cos Mr. ——— keeps pinching me," said the urchin. Mr. ——— dropped the youngster, and the case also, forthwith.

Swapping Horses.—An Indianian was travelling down the Ohio River in a steamer, with a mare and a two year old colt, when, by a sudden careen of the boat, all three were tilted into the river. The Hoosier, as he arose puffing and blowing above the water, caught hold of the tail of the colt, not having a doubt that the natural instinct of the animal would carry him safe ashore. The old mare took a "bee-line" for the shore, but the frightened colt swam lustily down the current, with its owner still hanging fast.

"Let go the colt and hang on the mare," shouted his friends.

"Phree, booh!" exclaimed the man, spouting the water from his mouth and shaking his head like a Newfoundland dog; "it's all very well, your telling me to let go the colt, but to a man that can't swim, this ain't exactly the time for swapping horses!"

A Slight Mistake.—The Boston Odd-Fellow tells a story of a young clergyman, of very imperfect education, who went out one Sunday to preach for a neighboring minister—Mr. H———, settled not far from Boston—and astonished his congregation very much by the following passage:

"If we sin against light, my friends, we cannot escape the awful consequences, for we all have a *villainous monster within*, which will reveal to us all our guilt, and bind us forever to the tribunal of retributive justice."

He had *borrowed* a sermon, and not being familiar with the chirography, he mistook *vigilant monitor* for *villainous monster*.

An Irish Way of Putting a Horse into a Wagon.—A few days since, a gentleman in Worcester county, who employs several Irishmen in cultivating his grounds, ordered one of his men to put his horse into the wagon. After a short absence, Pat returned, exclaiming, "I've got him in, sir, but it was a mighty hard job though!" This answer somewhat puzzled the gentleman, who upon going into the yard found his horse actually standing up in the wagon, trembling with fear at his elevated and unsafe position. After getting the horse down upon terra firma, the gentleman instructed Pat as to the proper manner of "putting a horse into a wagon."—*Boston Journal*.

Pulpit Eloquence.—My brethren and friends, said a preacher out West, it is necessary to make a great demonstration. We live in an age remarkable for mighty inventions, not the least of which is the patent pill which my eldest brother has given to the world. It is the most astounding, wonderful invention that his ever-gifted genius has conferred upon mankind—it is the greatest benefit of the species. From motives of pure philanthropy I have put a few in my pocket, which you can have at the close of the services, at a dime a box.

The School of Manners.—As George III. was walking the quarter-deck of one of his men-of-war, with his hat on, a sailor asked his messmate who that fellow was who didn't dowse his peak to the admiral? "Why, it's the King." "Well, king or no king," retorts the other, "he's an unmannerly dog." "Lord, where should he learn manners," replied Jack, "he never was out of sight of land in his life."

A Conscientious Juror.—"I remember," says Lord Eldon, "Mr. Justice Gould trying a case at York, and when he had proceeded for about two hours, he observed, 'Here are only eleven jurymen in the box; where is the other one?' 'Please you, my lord,' said one of the jury, 'he is gone away, about some business, but *he has left his verdict with me*.'"

New Fact in History.—An Ohio editor says that he knew Shakspeare when he lived in Pennsylvania, and that his name was not Shakspeare, but William Spears—that he afterwards moved into the State of Michigan, caught the *fever* and ague, and was ever afterwards nick-named *Shake Speare*.

Phrenology.—A lady, a disbeliever in the science, asked a learned phrenologist, with the view of puzzling him, "What kind of people are those who have Destructiveness and Benevolence equally and largely developed?" "These, madam, are the persons who kill with kindness."

A Quick Answer.—A young gentle was one day arranging music for a young lady, to whom he was paying his addresses. "Pray, Miss D.," said he, "what time do you prefer?" "Oh," she replied, carelessly, "any time will do—but the quicker the better."

A Tender-Hearted Judge.—It is said of a celebrated hanging Irish Judge, Lord Norbury, that he was never known to shed a tear but once, and that was during the representation of the *Beggar's Opera*, when Macheath got a *reprieve*.

FROM THE UNION MAGAZINE.

ZARIFA.

Suggested by a Spanish Story.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

I cannot keep the tears back!
 The tears, that should not flow
For one, who wantonly could grieve
 A heart that loved him so!

I cannot keep the tears back,
 The bitter, bitter tears,
For the sweet memories of the past,
 The fond, fond love of years!

For many days I doubted,
 Would God it still were so,
Would God there were a *gleam* of doubt
 O'er all that *now I know*.

For many days I doubted;
 But when he soothed my grief
With fond assurances of truth
 Could I deny belief?

It is not that another lures
 His loyal love from me,—
Though well I know she's lovelier far,
 Than ever I could be!

And well I know the little grace
 That won his passion brief,
Is worn from my frail form and face
 By sickness and by grief!

No thought like this could make them flow
 These bitter, bitter tears,
O'er the dear memories of the past,
 The fond, fond love of years.

Not this—though it has blighted
 The one sweet hope I knew,
That if a *world beside* were false,
 His generous heart was true.

It is the unexplained distrust,
 The studied, strange neglect;
And only for a *lover* lost,
 My *pride* these tears had checked!

But with his love, his *friendship* fled
 And that I scarce can bear,
For I would be a friend to him
 Through every joy and care.

And oh! I pine to see his face,
 And hear his gentle tone;
And he is near—yet comes not here
 And I must weep alone.

I would not blame him by a *look*,
 For if I've er had met
A more heroic heart than his
 I *also* might forget!

But I cannot keep the tears back,
 The bitter, bitter tears,
O'er all the memories of the past,
 The fond, fond love of years.

I cannot keep the tears back,
 And yet they should not flow
For one who wantonly could wound
 A heart that loved him so!

Science and Art.

A NEW PROCESS.

A process has been invented by a Mr. Lucas, for converting edge-tools, nails, &c., made of cast-iron, into good steel. It consists in stratifying the cast articles, in cylindrical metallic vessels, with native oxide of iron, and then submitting the whole to a regular heat, in a furnace built for the purpose. The oxide employed need not be native; any artificial oxide being equally effectual. The cast-iron of which this cutlery is made, is in the first instance brittle, like other cast iron, on account of the carbon contained in it; but the great change it undergoes, aided by the pulverized oxide, separates a portion of the carbon. This, uniting with the oxygen of the ground oxide of iron, is dissipated, either in the state of carbonic oxide, or carbonic acid gas; and the articles are converted into a state quite similar to that of good cast steel cutlery. They do not, however, receive so fine an edge, and do not bear hardening and tempering, in the ordinary manner.

NEW PARASOL SPRING.

A Mr. Sangster, of Regent street, London, has applied prepared India Rubber for superseding springs of metal for the expansion of parasols, and for compressing the ribs of them, and of similar articles. The India Rubber is prepared by a chemical process into the shape of a small pipe or hose. By this means the elastic power and the tenacity of the gum are increased to a perfectly marvellous degree. A small ring of the material so prepared, less in width than the eighth of an inch, is cut from the pipe and placed around the tops of the ribs. When the ribs are expanded, the elastic power of the ring enables it to be stretched so as to suit the exigency, while its leverage and power of contraction are so great that directly the power is removed by which the expansion is secured, it forces the ribs together, and keeps them firmly compressed. As an application of science to practical advantage, it is very curious and convenient.

GREAT SAVING IN FUEL FOR MACHINERY.

A patent has been taken out by Mr. Eddy, of Auburn, for a simple and cheap, and for that very reason, a useful invention, effecting a large saving in the fuel used for steamboat boilers, and other manufacturing purposes. The air for draft is admitted almost directly upon the centre of the wood or coal, instead of through the large open space in front of the fire-place. The grates are removed, and in these items also, those who are familiar with the subject, will see that an important saving is made. The air is admitted by a hole on each side of the fire and by one in front. Mr. Eddy thinks that the same amount of steam can by this plan be generated by the use of one-third, or even one-half less fuel than under the old method.

Humorous Sketches.

ONE WAY TO NULLIFY A BAD LEASE.

There is a shrewd and wealthy old Yankee landlord away down in Maine who is noted for driving his "sharp bargains"—by which he has amassed a large amount of property. He is the owner of a large number of dwelling houses, and it is said of him, that he is not over scrupulous in his rental charges, whenever he can find a customer whom he knows to be *responsible*. His object is always to lease his houses for a term of years, to the *best tenants*, and get the utmost farthing in the shape of rent.

A diminutive Frenchman called on him last winter, to hire a dwelling he owned in Portland, and which had long remained empty. References were given, and the Yankee landlord ascertaining that the tenant was a man "after his own heart" for a tenant, immediately commenced to "jew" him. He found that the tenement appeared to suit the little Frenchman, and he placed an exorbitant price upon it; but the lease was drawn and duly executed, and the tenant removed into his new quarters.

Upon the kindling of fires in the house, it was found that the chimneys wouldn't "draw," and the building was filled with smoke. The window-sashes rattled in the wind at night, and the cold air rushed in through a hundred crevices about the house, until now unnoticed. The snow melted upon the roof, and the attics were drenched from leaking. The rain pelted, and our Frenchman found a "natural" bath room upon the cellar floor—but the lease was signed, and the landlord chuckled.

"I hav ben vat you sall call 'suck in,' vis zis dam *maison*," muttered our victim to himself, a week afterwards—"but *s'imposte*—ve sal see vot ve sal see."

Next morning he arose bright and early, and passing down town, he encountered the landlord.

"A-ha!—*Bon jour, Monsieur*," said he in his happiest manner.

"Good day, sir. How do you like your house?"

"Ah! Monsieur—elegant, *beautiful*—magnificent. *Eh bien, Monsieur*. I have but ze one regret."

"Ah! What is that?"

"Monsieur, I sal live in zat house but tree little year."

"How so?"

"I have find by vot you sal call ze lease, zat you hav give me ze house but for tree year, and I ver mooch sorrow for zat."

"But you can have it longer if you wish—"

"Ah, Monsieur, I sal be ver mooch glad, if I can hav zat house *so long as I please*—eh, Monsieur."

"Oh certainly, certainly, sir."

"*Tres bien, Monsieur!* I sal valk rite to your offees—an you sal give me vat you sal call the lease for zat *maison*, *jes so long as I sal vant ze house*. Eh Monsieur."

"Certainly, sir. You can stay there your life-time if you like."

"Ah, Monsieur—I have ver mooch tanks for zis accomodation."

The old leases were destroyed and a new one was delivered in form to the French gentleman, giving him possession of the premises for "*such period as the lease may desire the same, he paying the rent thereof promptly, etc., etc.*"

The next morning, our crafty landlord was passing the house just as the Frenchman's last load of furniture was being started from the door; and, an hour afterwards, a messenger called on him with a "legal tender," for the rent for eight days, accompanied with a note as follows—

"*Monsieur*—I hav bin shmoke—I have bin drowned—I have been frees to death, in ze house vat I av hire of you, for ze period as I may desire. I have stay in ze dam house, '*jes so long as I please*,' and ze bearer of zis will give you ze key! *Bon jour, Monsieur*."

It is needless to add that our Yankee landlord has never since been known to give up "a bird in hand for two in the bush."—*Boston Times*.

TOM CORWIN—PRACTICAL LEGISLATION.

Judge H———, an old and respectable citizen of Franklin county, related to us some years since, the following anecdote of Gov. Corwin, which we do not recollect ever to have seen in print.

At the time the "Wagon Boy" was first sent to the Legislature, by the good people of Warren, he found a law on the statute book providing for the punishment of certain offences by public whipping. It was no unusual thing at that day, to see a whipping post in every Court House yard, where, whenever occasion required, the stealers of pigs and chickens were drawn up by the sheriff, and received "thirty-nine lashes on the bare back, well laid on." Tom was made Chairman of the Judiciary Committee in the House, and being, as it is well known, a man who is dead set against all such relics of barbarism as public whipping, forthwith brought in a bill to repeal the said enactment.

This bill met with considerable opposition from the "Old Hunkers," among whom was one old gentleman from the Western Reserve, who was peculiarly horrified at the idea of repealing what he termed the wisest and most practical enactment in our whole criminal code.

Corwin made an eloquent speech when the question of engrossment was before the House, appealing to the members as Christian legislators and enlightened freemen of the nineteenth century to come up and erase this relic of the dark ages from the statute book of the great republican State of Ohio. He took his seat—the House completely electrified with the eloquent powers of the young orator. The old Yankee arose and replied as follows:—

"Mr. Speaker:—All the gentleman from Warren has said is well enough in its way. I am glad to see the young men of our State growing up inspired with those feelings of philanthropy which the gentleman has so eloquently given utterance to. But that is not the thing. We must look at the matter in a practical light. Now, I can give one illustration in favor of my side of the question that will entirely upset all the gentleman's fine-spun theories. You know, Mr. Speaker, I was born and raised in the State of Connecticut. A law similar to this has been for some years in force in that State, where its effects are most salutary. You once expose a rascal to the ignominious disgrace of a public whipping, and he clears out—leaves the State, and you are never troubled with him afterwards. Out of hundreds I have known to be whipped there, I never knew one of them to show his face in that community afterwards."

The old gentleman sat down, satisfied that his "practical illustration" was a clincher, and would kill the bill. Corwin arose very gravely and remarked:—

"I have often endeavored, Mr. Speaker, to solve the question, why there was such an immense emigration from Connecticut to the West, but always until now, without success. *The gentleman has explained it to my entire satisfaction.*"

Corwin's bill passed!—*Cin. Chronicle*.

Agricultural.

CHEMICAL INVESTIGATIONS.

FROM THE PRAIRIE FARMER.

There are those who suppose the salvation of agriculture to depend upon the results of chemical investigation, and that no progress whatever worth mentioning is to be looked for which does not come from this source.

We are not disposed to undervalue the importance of agricultural chemistry, and would not damp the ardor of those who are prosecuting investigations in it; but we must say that we attach less importance to the discoveries yet made, or supposed to be made, than many others do. It is obvious that so far experiment has done ten times, if not ten hundred times, as much for agriculture as analysis has done.

It has been the favorite dogma with the chemical school, that to know how to construct, we must analyze: that we have but to examine carefully and critically the composition of a soil best adapted to grow wheat, or corn, or potatoes, or any other crop, and then make precisely such a soil—or, to ascertain precisely the composition of wheat, oats, or potatoes, and then put the constituent elements of these crops into the soil; and by the great laboratory of things, the earth, the materials would be worked up into the crop desired.

Now that this shall be set up as a desideratum in agriculture, towards which efforts shall tend, we have no objections; but that the result is to be reached by any short process, is not to be believed, without better testimony than is yet furnished.

There are many difficulties in the way of reaching the desired end. It is not proposed to consider them all; but let us look at two or three. In the first place perfect analysis is a very difficult matter indeed. In analysing a soil, for instance, who would expect to ascertain the precise amount of that constituent upon which its extraordinary fertility might depend? Suppose a field, hitherto almost barren, to be sown with gypsum—*plaster of Paris*. It immediately becomes immensely fertile. This is a common fact. But who, by analysis, would expect to ascertain upon what its fertility depended? Taking a square foot of the soil, in any part of the field, the gypsum would perhaps bear the ratio, to the rest, of one to a million—a fraction which would take a nice analysis indeed to detect.

But the fertility of fields not only depends on the amount of particular constituents of their soils, but the relation of parts to each other; and how are we certain that a chemist will be able to detect, or decide upon, the best relation?

Again, suppose a perfect analysis can be made, and a soil is found to consist of so much of this, and so much of that, exactly. It is a fact of which chemists are aware, that substances very different in character are found to consist of precisely the same chemical elements, in precisely the same proportions, the difference in the substances being supposed to depend on the different collocation of the particles. How is the chemist certain, with this fact before him, that his blending of principles, which is intended to produce one substance, may not, by this collocation, over which he has no control, produce one entirely different?

The results hitherto reached by our chemical discoverers are such as might be anticipated from a consideration of these and other obstacles. Liebig stands confessedly and deservedly at the head of the whole school. We would not say any thing, if we could, to cast a shadow upon his fame. But what has been hitherto the definite, practical amount of his labors, to agriculture? He has undoubtedly corrected a great many opinions, and substituted better for worse theories, upon many branches of chemical science; the result of which will be of great benefit to society. But in relation to nearly all of those great truths which lie at the base of agricultural science, he must be regarded—as we suppose he regards himself—as yet, a mere learner.

Let us instance one or two facts on this head. A few years since it was his doctrine that the growth of vegetables depended, in a good degree, upon their supply afforded them of azote or nitrogen, in the combination with hydrogen, known as ammonia. It was the teaching of all his disciples, that ammonia was the grand desideratum in manures; and the means of arresting, retaining, and applying this substance were, for a time, the agricultural rage. Guano was, beyond rivalship, rich in ammonia, and of course was the best of all manures; and there were not ships enough to bring it over from the islands where it was deposited.

But guano proved in a measure, a failure; and so does the doctrine which made it so transcendantly valuable. Liebig has now discovered that there is no lack of ammonia in the world—in fact that the world is full of it—that it is present in the atmosphere every where; and that almost all substances contain it; and that vegetation, instead of needing to be stuffed with it, can generally obtain enough without difficulty.

Liebig has also within a few years stumbled sadly over the analysis and synthesis dogmas. He prepared specific manures—one for wheat, one for oats, one for turnips, &c. These manures were tried according to directions, but so far are an entire failure, as they undoubtedly will be for some time to come. Still perseverance in this direction may yet avail something, if analysis is aided sufficiently by experiment.

We would not be understood, however, to decry all analysis of soils, or indeed any analysis; but we would warn those who expect too much from them.

Those analyses which show the mechanical construction of soils—as for instance how much sand, how much clay, iron and organic matter, they contain—are yet of most value to the farmer, and will be so till chemical ones are more certain than at present, and perhaps longer.

EXTENSION OF THE "NEW HUSBANDRY."

We are pleased to see that the "Albany Cultivator," an able and widely extended paper, has at length recommended to its readers that portion of "The New Husbandry" which relates to the seeding down of low lands on the green sward, in August and September.

That paper has recently given minute directions, in its own language, and adopted fully our system of seeding at this season of the year. New York may yet be as much benefitted by this improvement as New England has been, and a great portion of the United States will, by and by, learn the value of this innovation upon ancient usages.

The "Baltimore Farmer" also is gradually coming into this plan of husbandry; and though some who are not well informed on this subject have said it was an ancient practice to treat lands in this way, the publishers of the papers above named will find, on a recurrence to their old numbers, that no recommendations of the kind can be found.

We are pleased to see also a change in the Albany Cultivator in regard to cutting herds grass after it has gone to seed in the field. Judge Buel, the founder of that paper, was seriously partial to that plan—an old Dutch mode that will never become popular with farmers who speak clear English, and live by the profits of their business.

Bear with us a little longer—the New York papers have not recommended, this year, putting up grass in heaps as soon as it is cut, in order to keep its color green and exclude the sun. Ladies may appear better when not too much sunned—they are not so green as to require a tanning. But hay is a different article, and is sweeter after a good smacking of rays that turn it brown. Cattle love it better and it brings more in the market.—*Massachusetts Ploughman*.

FINE WOOL.

At a meeting of the Farmers' Club in New York, Mr. Fleischmann made some remarks on the wool of Merinoes. He said:—

The great desideratum to be obtained by the wool-grower, is to produce such staple as is demanded by the manufacturer. This is not well understood in this country, and it took forty years for the growers in Silesia to arrive at this knowledge, and then it was obtained only by a convention of the manufacturers and growers—a convention which he thought would be useful in this country. He classified the various staples of wool into nearly twenty different *staples*, as he termed them; each determined by the *curve*, or formation of the hair of the wool. In the perfect staple, the hair curves in the manner of spiral thread or corkscrew, equally from the root to the surface, and of equal fineness from one end to the other. Variations from this were termed the pointed staple, the untrue staple, the broom staple, &c., all of which could not be so well wrought into fine fabrics as the perfect staple. In the fine or perfect staple there are about eighty curves to the inch, and the fleece is about one and a half inch thick. The Germans have an instrument for measuring these curves. This fineness of wool, or the perfect staple, cannot be obtained at once. It took many years to attain it in Silesia. The number of these hairs to a square inch in a country sheep is about 5,500; in a mixture of the merino with the country of the tenth generation, about 18,000; in the twentieth generation the fine wool predominates, the color is darker, and there is plenty of yolk. In this generation there are 27,000 hairs to the square inch, and in the thirtieth generation and upwards, from 40,000 to 48,000 hairs. Mr. Fleischmann exhibited drawings of some of the sheep of the celebrated Von Thaer.

IMPROVEMENT OF HORSES.

It is a fact well known that the value of horses in this country has been greatly improved by crossings with what is known as the thorough-bred horse. The speed and endurance of the animal have been nearly doubled by this means.

While this is true, the fact has been noticed for some years, that in those States where blood horses have been most sought, and the "turf" most fashionable, the stock of horses, for work and road purposes, has rather deteriorated than improved.

A writer in the Albany Cultivator maintains that while the style of breeding, seventy or eighty years since, was calculated to improve the horse for work purposes, that pursued of late is calculated to produce an entirely contrary result. Horses were then trained to run long distances with heavy weights; they are now trained to run short distances with light weights. The results of these opposite modes of training and breeding may readily be seen.

The tendency of the first is to produce a compact, solid, substantial animal, capable of sustaining himself under long continued action. That of the latter is to produce an animal capable of long and rapid strides, continued but a short time. Hence our racers, and all their progeny and relatives, have become a long-legged and gaunt generation, poorly fitted for heavy farm work, or exerting road performance.

The inference from this is, that no further improvement is to be looked for from blood horses bred as they are now for the turf; but that animals must be bred for those qualities which fit a horse for road work.—*Prairie Farmer*.

MEASURING HAY.

The editors of the Albany Cultivator allow 400 cubic feet to make a ton of hay. This is less than the usual allowance. Six hundred cubic feet have been sold here for a ton—that is, a mow ten by ten broad, and six feet high—equal to 600 cubic, or solid feet. Perhaps this bulk would be necessary to make a ton of red top or herds grass in case no pressure of any kind is applied over it. Clover would be lighter.

But in broad and deep bays—say 20 feet by 20, and 20 feet in depth, the pressure is immense, and 500 cubic feet would make a full ton. Some estimate that 400 feet will do it, but they think the pressure in such a mow is equal to that of the common screws used for pressing hay.

Twenty times thirty equal six hundred, and one foot in depth would at this rate make a ton—600 cubic feet. But if 400 feet are sufficient, then eight inches of depth in such a mow, would amount to a ton. By repeated measurements and weighings we could judge pretty nearly by measure alone.—*Massachusetts Ploughman*.

A Hint to Farmers.—When our calves and lambs are taken too soon from the dam, and turned with little or no experience into the pasture, they eat indiscriminately every herb that presents itself, and many are lost. Had they been suffered to browse a little while, or a little longer, with the mother, she would have taught them to distinguish the sweet and wholesome herbage from the deleterious and destructive. This is a point of agricultural economy not sufficiently attended to.—*Youatt's Veterinary Lectures*.

Seed Wheat.—Have any of your correspondents tried the *incense drying* of seed wheat instead of *steeping*? I have tried, and it acts well. No smut—no weavils—and a fortnight gained in ripening, over the steeped, and natural seed. Drying is recommended by many clever farmers.—*Boston Cultivator*.

The Olio.

AFFLICTION.

BY SOUTHEY.

Methinks if ye would know
How visitations of calamity
Affects the pious soul, 'tis shown you here.
Look yonder at that cloud, which, through the sky
Sailing along, doth cross in her career
The rolling moon. I watched it as it came
And deemed the deep opaque would blot her beams;
But melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes
The orb with richer beauties than her own;
Then passing, leaves her in her light serene.

Bread Versus Bullets.—The Americans having nobly supplied food for the Irish, we shall look at their flag with increased respect. Their stripes shall be to us significant of a gridiron, and their stars of sugared buns. Glad are we to find that the American subscriptions have been so nobly acknowledged in the House of Commons. These thanks for bread will go far to keep bullets out of fashion. *The Indian Meal Book* is, to our mind, a much more delightful volume than any *History of the American War*; and the directions therein written for the composition of Hommy-cakes and Slap-jacks, far better than any talk of red-coat tactics. Bombs have had their day: let us henceforth try buns; and wherever America has battered our ships, let her, for all time to come, batter our frying-pans.—*Punch*.

French Husbands with English Wives.—It is a curious fact, that notwithstanding the strong prejudices which the French entertain towards England and the English, the French gentlemen give a decided preference to English ladies, when they mean to marry. An Englishman visiting Paris is surprised at the number of English ladies with French husbands whom he meets with in society. If an English lady of passable appearance remains long unmarried in Paris, the presumption is that the fault is her own. It is worthy of remark, on the other hand, that an English gentleman, resident in Paris, very rarely marries a French lady.

A Fair Hit.—A curious story has lately been circulated respecting the King of Bavaria, who is said to have dreamed that he saw three rats, one of which was very fat, another very lean, and the last stone blind. The King sought an explanation of his dream, and was informed by a gypsy that the fat rat represented his favorite, Lola Montes, the lean one his people, and the blind one himself.

Love.—Love does not awake in the heart of a virtuous woman those violent feelings the offspring of a delirious imagination. It does not at once occupy her soul; it steals into it. It is not like a devouring fire; but as the genial warmth of spring, it animates and fertilizes. It is so timid and unassuming that it appears abashed, it is so generous that it resembles friendship.

Singular Errors.—Grotesque Anachronisms sometimes appear in the efforts of the later painters. In one of Albert Durer's paintings of Saint Peter denying the Saviour, a Roman Legionary is represented as smoking a *pipe of tobacco*! In a Dutch picture of Abraham offering up Isaac, the patriarch is shown in the act of holding a *blunderbuss* to his son's head.

The Devil and Tobacco.—Dr. A. Clark, who had a great hostility to swine's flesh and also to tobacco, is reported to have said, "If he were to offer a sacrifice to the devil, it should be a roasted pig stuffed with tobacco."

THE REAPERS.

Brothers, awake! the dew of the morning
 Is fleeting swift from the flower and tree;
Like the bird be ye up, and sloth ever scorning
 Hie to your task with a footstep free.
The ripened grain on the hill is waving
 Its bearded crest as a golden sea,
Glittering with dew;—be ye up and saving
 The gems with which Autumn has decked the lea.

Brothers, awake! let the sickle, ringing,
 Tell that ye sharpen it for the fray;
For sweetly it sounds with the words ye are singing,
 Your welcome song to the dawning day.
Keen be its edge, be your arms strong and steady,
 Joyous your heart, as the wild bird's song;
Early awake, be you up and ready,
 For the harvest hour you have waited long.

Brothers, awake! you golden ears bending
 Tell that the harvest waits for ye;
Reapers, away! kind Nature is sending
 Bountiful gifts for your labor free.
Long have ye toiled; now your task completing,
 Merrily reap and bind the grain;
Cheerful the tone when the sickle meeting,
 Low bows the crest of the Autumn main.

Brothers, awake! kind Nature is calling
 Her children to labor; early come,
Be up and at work, let the grain be falling,
 Ere the reveille sounds from the busy bee's [illegible].
Up and awake! toil is a blessing,
 Sloth is a curse ye never shall feel,
If early awake and to labor pressing,
 Your song is heard 'mid the ringing steel.

Brothers, awake! those we love, depending
 Upon our toil for their daily bread,
Watch us with joy, and their prayers, ascending,
 Will wreathe with blessings each weary head.
Come then to labor! come there gladly
 Willingly. Toilmen, Reapers come!
Our toil soon is done, and mirth shall madly
 Dance to our song of Harvest Home.

BEES IN A BEDCHAMBER.

There is an old saying, that "poverty brings strange bed-fellows," but one could scarcely suppose that fancy, or choice, would select for one's sleeping partners a swarm of bees. Yet the strangest fact came within our observation within the last few days. One of the gatekeepers at Lord Otterborne's demesne of Dartree has had a swarm of bees in his bed-room for the last four years. He tends them with the greatest care, and they seem to return his kindness with evident pleasure. They buzz about him, light on his head, face and hands with impunity, and he takes them up by dozens, and puts them out of the window or into their nests, without any resistance on their part. Four years ago this swarm settled on the window of the room, and, discovering an aperture above the frame, took up their abode in it. They have since thrown off several swarms, and Mullan derives from their labors a large supply of honey every year, which drops through holes constructed under the nest, which he corks up, except during the months of June and July.—*Northern (Eng.) Standard*.

Lowell.—It is stated that 1,800,000 yards of cotton cloth are made at Lowell, Massachusetts, every week, amounting to 93,600,000 yards per year—enough to extend twice around the entire world! Sixty-five thousand bales of cotton are worked up annually. Of printed calicoes, there are made 14,000,000 yards per year. In these manufactories one million of pounds of starch are annually used.

Soda-Coffee.—The flavor of Coffee may be improved by adding forty to fifty grains of carbonate of soda to each pound of roasted coffee. In addition to improving the flavor, the soda makes the coffee more healthy, as it neutralizes the acid contained in the infusion.

The Stars.—Even to the naked eye, the stars appear of palpably different colors; but when viewed with a prismatic glass they may be very accurately classed into the red, the yellow, the brilliant white, the dull white, and the anomalous.—*Willis*.

Just So.—Voltaire's saying, in answer to a stranger who was observing how tall his trees grew—"That they had nothing else to do," was a quaint mixture of wit and humor.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 1, 6, 20, 13, is a County in Georgia.
My 2, 20, [illegible], 7, 5, 13, is a County in Virginia.
My 3, 17, 8, 11, 7, is a County in New York.
My [illegible] is a County in North Carolina.
My [illegible] is a Lake in Germany.
My [illegible] is a City in Germany.
My 9, 10, [illegible], 12, 18, 10 is a City in Europe.
My 10, [illegible] is a City in Italy.
My 11, [illegible] is a City in France.
My 12, [illegible] is a City in the United States.
My 13, [illegible] is a City in Europe.
My 14, [illegible] is a Kingdom in Europe.
My 15, [illegible] is a Range of Mountains in Europe.
My 16, [illegible] is a City in Hindoostan.
My 17, [illegible] is a City in the Centre of Europe.
My 18, [illegible] is a City in Russia.
My 19, [illegible] is a City in the North of Europe.
My 20, 17, 10, 13, is a celebrated City in Europe.
My 21, [illegible] is a City in the South of Europe.
My whole was a most celebrated Musician and Composer, whose music is admired by the whole world.

[illegible]

RIDDLE.

[illegible]

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the letter G like the sun?
 Ans.—It is the centre of light.

☞ Why is Mr. Tuft's brewery like a Jewish synagogue?
 Ans.—Hebrews [illegible] drink there.

☞ Why is a theological student like a merchant?
 Ans.—He studies the (profits).

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—An Amiable Disposition.

ENIGMA.—Washington Allston.

A NUT FOR ARITHMETICIANS.

In looking over your last paper this morning I discovered "A Nut for Arithmeticians," and after a little calculation, found [illegible]

Yours, respectfully, [illegible]

For Housekeepers.

REMARKS ON SOUP MAKING.

Oyster Soup.—Take of water and milk, each three pints, set it on the fire to boil; roll half a pound of crackers or soda biscuit, and stir it in with one pint of oysters; as soon as the flavor of the oysters is given to the soup, and the crackers are well swelled, then add salt and pepper to taste, and three pints more of oysters, and a quarter of a pound of fresh butter; let it boil up, then pour into a tureen and pour the soup over. A little cayenne pepper is by some considered an improvement.

Another Oyster Soup.—Take a piece of veal or lamb, and as much water as will make a sufficient quantity [illegible] two hours, then put to it half a pound of crackers rolled, pepper and salt to taste, and a quart of oysters [illegible] it boil up once, then [illegible] of butter, and pour over crackers in a tureen.

Lobster Soup.—After having boiled the lobster, take it from the shell, cut two or three crackers, and put it to the meat, melt some butter in a [illegible] milk or water, and salt and pepper to taste—let it boil for half an hour, put some crackers in a tureen, pour over the soup, and serve.